

# TIME

Written by

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Time

BLACK SCREEN

SUPER: *"Theory and science are both just a guess, reinforced by really huge mathematics. Until they're not."* - Unknown

FADE IN:

EXT. WOODY CITY AREA - DAY

The crossing of a 40-ish MAN in the b.g., well-dressed in Levi's 501, an excellent shirt, cool leather shoes. Good-looking guy, talking on his iPhone via AirPods. The woods surround him but he knows where he is, and walks slowly.

EXT. MAN'S PATH

Still walking, the man has his conversation.

DUDE

Yeah, no doubt.

(laughs)

Next time! Hey, I just left the house. Should be pretty quick.

(beat)

Uber or Lyft is fine, man! We should be there by six, though. All the fancy peeps. Yeah. Hah!

On this, the phone blasts light from its screen, like an emergency signal. Through the AirPods a SCREECH of static arrives, bad enough to cause the man to drop the phone and quickly pull the pods from his ears.

He stares down at the phone, with pods in either hand. The iPhone screen phases through multiple colors, then goes dark.

DUDE (CONT'D)

What the hell...?

He stoops to pick up the phone when he hears a dangerously loud THUMP behind him somewhere. He turns to see it, but there's nothing. He stands, slowly steps toward the direction of the sound. Nothing.

He turns back to the phone, moves to collect it. It's gone. Not a trace. He looks around, scans in a circle to catch whomever stole the damned thing. There's no one.

Clearly confused, he turns back and around, trying to figure how this happened.

But then he stops and knows there's more wrong than the phone. He opens both hands toward his face. AirPods are gone.

He looks around again, turns to move back the way he came...

...but trips and falls. Not injured at all, but not happy. And then he sees it.

His shoes are gone. And, his socks. His feet are bare. He sits up for a second, touches one foot.

DUDE (CONT'D)  
This ain't happenin'.

He stands up, looks around and around, convinced that somehow this has been done by a person near him. Instinctively he reaches for his wallet in a Levi's back pocket. Gone.

DUDE (CONT'D)  
Holy shit!

He looks around some more. Nobody else here. Very quiet. And he gets another charge when he looks down and finds his Levi's and drawers gone. All that's left is the shirt...

...which he quickly removes, to disguise his groin.

He moves toward an area more populated with bushes and small trees, continuously looks to and fro. Before there, he realizes the shirt is now gone. He stands completely nude: No wallet, clothes, phone, nothing.

He slips into the bushes, really looks around for a fix to the situation. He yanks a couple of the denser branches, holds them to and fro across his materials, then exits. With a quick but cautious gait, he makes a path back to his house.

CUT TO:

EXT. WOODY PLACE NEAR HOUSE - LATER AFTERNOON

Holding his bushes comically in place, he hops forward, now close to his house. The backyard is surrounded by a medium wooden picket fence. He doesn't seem to recognize the place.

DUDE  
C'mon, a fence? Who...? Damn.

He moves forward, studies the backyard. He's confused. The fence has a small gate that he easily opens. He enters the yard, looks around.

And then he sees an attractive WOMAN, 33-ish, standing at a clothesline, relaxedly hanging stuff. She's dressed like an old school hippie...not extreme, or Halloween-ish. More like authentically from the 60s or 70s.

Dude walks toward her, non-aggressively and somewhat silly, holding his little bushes in front of various junk.

He clears his throat. She turns casually, looks at him...and of course looks down at his vegetation.

CHICK

Looks like you lost something.

DUDE

Y'think? Um, maybe you can tell me why you're in my house?

CHICK

Your house? I think you're the one that's naked.

(giggles)

DUDE

Funny. Seriously, I don't know what's up here, but this is my place, it never had a fence, and I don't think it had you, either.

CHICK

Well. Maybe not.

DUDE

So?

CHICK

Yes?

DUDE

Not sure you understand. My clothes, wallet, shoes, phone. All gone. And you're in my house.

CHICK

Well. Not really.

DUDE

Let me try again.

CHICK

You carry a phone?

DUDE

Well, yeah. Don't you?

CHICK  
Sometimes outside, if the cord is  
long enough.

DUDE  
Hilarious. Listen, I'm in trouble.  
All my stuff's gone, and—

CHICK  
Wait. So you're not putting me on?  
You really lost...um, everything?

DUDE  
Everything.

CHICK  
Ooooooh, I see. Well.

She stops clothes-hanging, walks over to extend her hand.

CHICK (CONT'D)  
Welcome to 1978.

He looks at her like she's nuts. He doesn't shake.

DUDE  
1978? *What* 1978?

CHICK  
The year.

He doesn't believe this shit.

CHICK (CONT'D)  
You gonna shake my hand, or...?

He slowly gives her a handshake. She's got a strong,  
confident grip, for sure.

CHICK (CONT'D)  
Lemme guess. You were born in '78,  
right?

DUDE  
I was, but—

CHICK  
Well now you're back. Not sure why,  
though. Stuff like old pants should  
stay with you. Except from the  
other direction.  
(walks back to  
clothesline)  
New thing, I guess.

DUDE  
I don't understand.

CHICK  
You will.  
(giggles)

She finishes the clothes thing, then brings him a wild-looking red shirt and a pair of old, holed-up Levi's.

CHICK (CONT'D)  
Here.

He takes the stuff, hesitates.

CHICK (CONT'D)  
Oh. Sorry.

She turns around, he quickly drops his bushes and gets the clothes going.

CHICK (CONT'D)  
I'll get you something to eat when you're done. You like pizza? And then you'll have to talk with the, um... The person who sent you here.

DUDE  
I don't get it. Who?

He finishes dressing. She turns.

CHICK  
Come on, we'll have some food. And smoke a little weed, if you want.

DUDE  
Weed?! Sure! I mean, why not? Can't be real right now, anyway. Right?

CHICK  
It is. You're not the first, by the way. But you took an odd path.  
(giggles)  
Trust me, you'll understand everything, later on.

She grabs his hand gently, leads him toward the back of the house. In a few seconds they enter the door. There's a beat.

FADE TO BLACK

End.